

palestine perspectives

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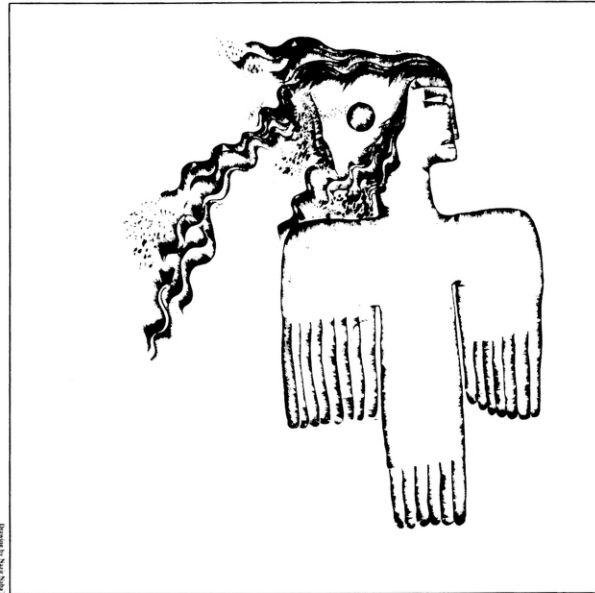
"Liberation Through Struggle" by Borhan Carkorly

Sadat, Egypt and the Arab World

The Egyptian-Israeli treaty, like the Egyptian leader who initiated it, and the Zionist leader who in the end dictated its terms, is an aberration. To say that it is one of the most outrageous aberrations in the modern history of the Arab world seems to us like a perfectly rational statement to make. For one of the consequences of the treaty has been to remove Egypt from the rest of the Arab world, the Arab nation and the Arab masses, to all of which it has traditionally and historically belonged for centuries. By dint of this spacial and temporal belonging — spanning a wealth of political, cultural, economic, artistic, social, linguistic and historical impulses — Egypt has had a destiny in the Arab world beyond the power of any one leader to change. Hence what Sadat and Co. have done by going along with the Camp David Accords, and going it alone, is to deflect Arab history from its preordained course. And *this* no one — certainly no one of Sadat's limited stature and following — can do.

Granted. The Arab nation, like any other segmented region in the Third World still grappling with the devastating legacies of colonial exploitation and violence, is not a politically or ideologically homogenous region. But the Arab world and its peoples, including the Arab people of Egypt, have long shared a commonality of vision and considerable resources of feeling about themselves and their struggle for freedom. Throughout this history, and despite existing competitive ideologies and counter proposals for a politically deeper possibility in their lives, the Arab masses have been one, fighting as one and striving for the same fundamental goals of unity, social justice and the freedom to be the only determining force in their destiny.

The cogency of the challenge to the Arab world in the separate Egyptian-Israeli treaty does not stem only from the fact that Egypt is now, for the first time in its modern history, isolated from the rest of the Arab world. Nor does it stem from the fact that by being drawn into this treaty, Egypt has with foreknowledge mutilated the Palestine conflict — a sacrosanct issue in the history of the Arab world — to the farcical fragment known as "autonomy." Nor for that matter does this cogent challenge to the Arab world stem from the temporary destabilization in the balance of forces in the Arab world, rendering the Zionist enemy the service of enabling him to be more intransigent, violent and brutal. Rather, what Sadat and



Drawing by Nazir Nabaa

Co. have done is to demean the very core, the very nucleus of our history: and this is that we, as a people long subjected to the humiliations of the colonial onslaught, are striving to be masters — not mere observers — of our destiny.

The ethos behind the concept of the Arab nation is not an invention of master taxonomists or latter-day intellectuals; it is an organic outgrowth of the process of self-transformation of the Arab people and the Arab world. This concept has long since entered the collective consciousness of the Arab world and become an integral part of its set of self-definitions.

Suddenly, and for all the Third World (where we have our supporters, our brothers and sisters struggling like us to be free of colonial and imperialist exploitation) to see and contemplate, is the spectacle of Sadat and Co. transforming Egypt into a kind of sickly, helpless baby suckling at the American and Zionist teat and ready to do their bidding.

All of which amounts to saying, quite simply, that all of it is an aberration, a current counter to the historical dynamic in the region. For what is one to make of all the hype in the American media that surrounded Sadat's fetishes for the camera and subservience to Begin, the former Urgan Gangster who has been responsible for the most heinous bestialities against Palestinians? What is one to make of Sadat's acquiescence to Israeli and American

demands that Palestine, an issue that has always hit a sensitive chord in the psyche of the Arab world, can now be haggled over, as if it were a second-hand book soon to be remaindered or pulped? And what is one to make of Sadat's statement that "99 per cent of the cards are in the hands of the American government," as if we are to suppose that the Arab masses, with the resources of their history behind them, are to be left with 1 per cent of the say in determining their destiny and how to resolve their disputes with others. Above all, what is one to make of Sadat's infamously servile and obsequious remark that "I will do anything my friend Jimmy tells me to do"?

Sadat and Co. have made a devil's pact at the expense of our history and national rights in Palestine and the Arab world, and at the expense of cutting Egypt off from all that is alive and dynamic, as well as all that is tragic and painful, in our world. In return Sadat and Co. have been promised aid and rewards aplenty and the realization of one or two of their sickly fantasies. Soon, however, the devil will be lurking at the door, knocking ever so loudly, asking for his fee to be paid. And one wonders if the ponderous gait in front of the cameras, the pontificating gestures, the hugging and kissing at Cairo airport will, then, be enough to save Sadat and those officials with him who have betrayed a whole nation and the memories of all its fallen patriots.

A Visit with the People, the Soil and the Revolution

by Fouad Monghrabi

Just before the plane landed at Beirut International Airport, I had been discussing with some of my colleagues the fact that the Arab World no longer poses the same fascination to me that it once did. Politically, it is depressing because it does not seem to be moving in a direction that captures one's imagination. The Arab World is still caught in the agonizing moments of the decolonization process, even though other parts of the Third World have moved beyond those moments and have even begun to assert some semblance of progress and independence. With fewer resources and a far more problematic beginning, many of these Third World countries have progressed so much faster along the economic, political and social levels.

Yet, when the plane landed and with full knowledge of the chaos that awaits one at every airport in the Middle East (no less hideous than New York or Atlanta for that matter), I felt a sudden surge of yearning and familiarity, of deep love and affection. No matter how much we bitch intellectually about the Arab World; no matter how depressed we get about its problems, its failures and its weaknesses; no matter how often we swear that we will never return, our point of contact with familiar soil, sounds, and smells sends us back to our childhood years. There is absolutely no question about

it; although I have never lived in Beirut for any length of time, when my plane landed there, I felt that I was at home. This is home. Here I would not mind dying, although I have no intention of doing so anytime soon. I dread the notion of dying in Tennessee, although the countryside here is quite beautiful. No, I want familiar hands to carry me and to tuck me gently in that soil that has sheltered so many of my brothers and sisters. It is the soil that I kissed before I left in 1960. I fully understand Father Capucci's gesture upon his release from an Israeli jail of kneeling down and kissing the beautiful soil of Jerusalem and later the soil of Damascus. For thousands of years this soil has given my people sustenance; it has given us the color of our skin as it colored the olives that we ate; it has taught us respect for nature and the environment, and we sang songs and wrote poems about them. Beyond all, this soil taught us to love freedom and to fight for it. Every inch of this soil is colored with the blood of Palestinian and Arab martyrs. We are ones with our soil and our history.

I went to Beirut to give a paper to a seminar on U.S. foreign policy towards the Arab World. The seminar was sponsored by *Shu'un Filastinya*, a publication of the PLO Research Center, and by the Association of Arab-American University Graduates. To

my knowledge, this is the first seminar on U.S. foreign policy done anywhere in the Arab World. It is therefore to the credit of the Palestinian Revolution that it hosted the first such seminar. Elsewhere in the Arab World, the U.S. is viewed through blinders. Myths accumulate upon myths; years of ignorance, carelessness and spontaneity govern the dominant view of America in the Arab World. At least here in Beirut, and among some people, there is a willingness to deal with facts, to analyze scientifically and to base policy on knowledge rather than on hearsay.

Elsewhere in the Arab World, the U.S. is seen through the eyes of "pseudo-expert transmitters" of myths and of small talk. One of those tried to crash the seminar. To the credit of the audience, they listened politely and disagreed. The old "transmitters" focus primarily on style, composition and oratory. Notably absent from their discourse is the rigor of analysis which is replaced very often by the sweat of oratorical exertion.

The Palestinians are no longer enamored of words, finely spun and meaningless. They deal with science based on facts and hard data. And this is perhaps the most refreshing and the most pleasant discovery. There

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Sudden Death in Sarafand, Lebanon

By Penny Johnson

Even in troubled South Lebanon, the roads on Sunday evening are full of families returning from the beach, from visiting relatives, or from social gatherings. It is a time when most people are outside, enjoying the last moments of relaxation in the warm summer evening. Travelling south on the Sidon-Tyre road in the early evening of July 22, however, the festive Sunday was transformed by fear and terror as a squadron of Israeli planes attacked the small Lebanese village of Sarafand.

As our car approached Sarafand, panic was visible as cars sped away from the village at an almost suicidal pace, the grim-faced drivers pressing insistently on their horns, as their families huddled in the seats. A Red Crescent ambulance, lights flashing and sirens wailing, headed north to the Saida hospital. Over the village, huge columns of black smoke dominated the sky,

spreading far out over the Mediterranean Sea.

On the rutted road to the village, men, women and children were gathered. Many were holding their hands to their heads and wailing. Wild sounds of grief followed us as we moved up the road, towards where the smoke was billowing over the orange trees. At least one bomb, apparently a high-explosive one, had directly hit the house of Ahmed Gharib, at about 6:15 p.m., a man of about fifty, who with his yellow headcloth in disarray, was supported by his neighbors as tears streamed down his face. His entire family had been killed in the raid.

Rescue workers had already pulled several bodies from the rubble. A Belgian journalist rushed into the destruction and brought out a two year old infant, the only survivor the family of Ahmed Gharib's brother, Ali. In a nearby car, festooned with paper flowers, as is the custom in Lebanon

when celebrating a wedding or a birth, lay the corpse of a young boy, Ahmed Gharib's son. His torso had been severed in two. Villagers pointed to the blanket-covered body with uncontrolled gestures, moaning "Look, look!," as if needing confirmation that the tragedy had really occurred.

The Gharib house lay in ruins. Approaching it through the trees, we were warned to be careful. Timed bombs and cluster bombs might lie unexploded in the tall grass. A middle-aged woman, Ahmed Gharib's wife, lay dead under the heavy stones of her house, her arms outflung. It was difficult to remember she had been alive only half an hour before. The scene looked so final; her dark clothes blended into the earth as dusk settled on the village. With reluctance, some people moved closer to

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Palestine-American Congress To Be Held In Washington

The first conference of its kind outside the Arab world, the Palestine-American Congress, a council of various Palestinian organizations, is to hold its first annual conference in Washington, D.C., August 17-19. The congress, dubbed the Constitutional Convention because of its proposed function of ratifying a permanent constitution, will be a gathering of delegates from the United States and Canada who, in addition to ratifying a constitution, will coordinate the Palestinian American community and act as a support group for the struggle of the Palestinian people for freedom and statehood in Palestine. A hundred regional, local and national delegations, representing their respective organizations, are expected to attend. Preparations for the conference have been two years in the making. Officials of the Congress feel that their organization will ultimately become a forceful and effective organ, speaking on behalf of the Palestinian-American community in North America, coordinating nationally its political activities and insuring the national and human rights of Palestinians, in exile or under occupation, are represented fairly in this country.

Israeli Soldiers Kill Unarmed Prisoners: Business as Usual

During their invasion of the south of France in March last year, Israeli soldiers are reported to have killed three unarmed civilians whom they captured prisoner. This is one (perhaps comparatively insignificant) atrocity among many, many others that went unreported. The Israeli officer who was tried for the massacre was initially given 15 years in jail for his crime. Later this was commuted to 2 years. And that was it.

For Israeli soliders, this of course is business as usual. In 1953, Israeli soldiers attacked the Jordanian village of Kibya and massacred 53 men, women and children, allegedly for the killing of two Israelis by a saboteur from the village. They took prisoners who were never heard from again. And in 1956, directly after the Suez War of that year, the Israelis imposed a curfew in October. Israeli soldiers killed 51 Palestinian peasants, including women and children, who were unwittingly in breach of the curfew order. Two army officers were tried. They served only two years in jail.

Egyptian Opposition to Sadat

Following are excerpts from an interview with the Egyptian opposition leader, Khaled Muheydin, published in Al-Mustaqbal on July 14, 1979.

Q— How do the Egyptian people view the "peace" treaty, and what is the stand of the opposition parties?

A— There is big support for the treaty, not because it is good, but because the average Egyptian sees no other alternative to solve the problem. Moreover, the Egyptian official media has convinced people that the Arab states are not serious about war or peace, and thus people feel that the only alternative is the treaty although they realize that it infringes on Egyptian sovereignty. There is, however, serious opposition to the treaty. The United Front party opposed the treaty because we viewed the problem as Arab and not Egyptian, and we felt that Egypt's security is part of the security of Palestine and the Arab states. Other parties also opposed the treaty, such as the Independent Party, the National Front party, the Leftist and Religious groups, as well as Nasserite and Marxist groups not represented in the Parliament. The average Egyptian believes the official media, but the political parties think on their own and thus oppose the government. That is why a number of laws were issued to control the opposition. These laws push people to underground work in the long-run the opposition becomes stronger and wins, as happened in Iran.

Q— What is the reaction to the Arab boycott of Egypt?

A— The official media has played a dangerous role, because it has prevented the opposition from expressing its views and has conducted a massive campaign against the Arab states, accusing them of squandering wealth at the expense of the Egyptian masses. There is, however, a new class in Egypt that has amassed great wealth as a result of Sadat's economic policies at the expense of the Egyptian people. The media

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Paris Conference: In Solidarity With the P.L.O.

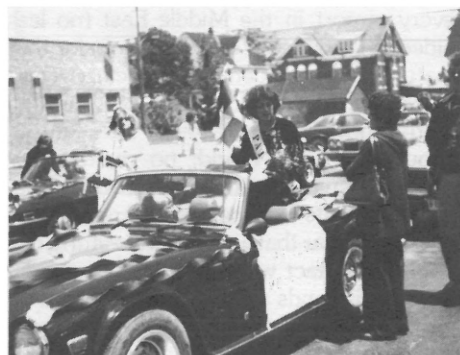


Under the banner of "Solidarity with the Palestinian people and their sole representative the P.L.O.", an international conference was held in Paris on July 7-8, 1979

attended by a large number of delegates from Europe, Asia, Africa and progressive organizations that support the P.L.O. Archbishop Capucci addressed the conference and called on the delegates to continue their struggle for the liberation of Jerusalem and the regaining of Palestinian rights. Muhamed Nashashibi, secretary of the P.L.O. executive committee, presented a message from the P.L.O. and Omar Hamidi, head of the Preparatory Committee for Arab Solidarity with the Palestinian People, also spoke at the conference.

The conference adopted a statement which expressed full support for the struggle of the Palestinian revolution and all Arab and progressive movements that are fighting Zionism and Colonialism. It also condemned Zionism as a form of racism and called on all European organizations and movements to stand in solidarity with the struggle of the Palestinian people.

Palestinian "Princess" Cause For Controversy in Ohio



Participating in the International Festival in Lorain, Ohio, the Arab community of Lorain chose a Palestinian girl, Mona Ayish to represent the community at the Festival. Along with 35 other princesses Mona rode in the festival's parade wearing a Palestinian native costume, and with the Palestinian flag displayed on her parade car. In the Princess Pageant, she was chosen Queen's runner up.

However a Palestinian Princess participating in the International Festival and being chosen a runner up apparently upset the Jewish community in Lorain. A local doctor wrote to the local newspaper protesting Mona's father, wrote, "To deny to the Palestine it taints the nature of the festival." In a reply to the Jewish doctor's letter, Ahmed Ayish, Mona's father wrote, "To deny to the Palestinians the right to participate in their new community's cultural events is a new low in prejudice and arrogance. No, Dr. Keller, you cannot wish away the existence of the Palestinians, their ethnicity, or culture. Our roots are still alive and growing."

Sandinistas & Fedayeen, Palestinians and Nicaraguans: Common Struggle Against A Common Enemy

One of the slogans of the Palestinian revolution is: "The destiny of the Palestinian revolution does not concern only Palestine and the Arab world. It concerns freedom fighters everywhere."

And so it was inevitable that the struggle of the Nicaraguan people against the dictator Somoza was a major concern to the Palestinian people. Contacts and a supply relationship had existed, these last 10 years, between the Sandinistas and the Fedayeen. As the struggle in Nicaragua picked up early this year, with massive Israeli armaments being shipped to Somoza's Civil Guard, the Sandinistas and the P.L.O. were convinced that their struggle was one, waged against the same enemy and, fundamentally, for the same cause. As one Sandinista guerrilla fighter had put it: "Every time I saw the dead bodies of my brothers and sisters savagely killed by the Guards, I knew it was Israeli bullets and Israeli guns that did it."

The victory of the Nicaraguan people is, consequently, a victory for the Palestinian people. The overthrow of the Somoza "government" was another blow against the collaborative link that binds the forces of imperialism, Zionism and indigenous

reaction and which have traditionally oppressed and inflicted pain on many Third World peoples.



Israel's aid to fascist and racist regimes around the world has not, of course, been

just restricted to Nicaragua's puppet Somoza regime. Israel had consistently supported and trained the secret police of the Shah of Iran, SAVAK, which had been responsible for the most heinous crimes against the Iranian people. Israel had supported and sent arms and training teams to South Africa and Zimbabwe to kill Africans and suppress the African liberation movements. And it now has a strong and very visible presence in Chile to help prop up the fascist Pinochete dictatorship.

After the triumph of the Sandinistas, the Palestinian press jubilantly reported the event, defining it as a triumph for the Palestinians themselves. As WAFA, the Palestinian newsagency, reported in an editorial:

"The victory that our revolutionary brothers and sisters in Nicaragua have scored in their struggle against the Somoza dictatorship represents a defeat for American imperialism and Zionism and a statement about the fact that a people, once committed to freedom, can not be defeated — regardless of the odds and regardless of the obstacles that the enemy may muster against them."

Imperialist Machinations in Zimbabwe Fail

Zimbabwe and Palestine are, in many fundamental ways, identical. In each country there is an illegal, settler-colonial, European regime that is imposing its will on the indigenous masses. In each country, outside powers, in this case imperialist ones, have attempted to impose a settlement and show it up as a "just solution." In the case of Palestine, following the Camp David Accords, these forces came up with the so-called "autonomy plan" which allegedly was to create conditions for justice and freedom for the Palestinians over a period of years.

The plan has failed totally — not only because it was so obviously a farce disguised as a "peaceful" settlement, but also because the Palestinians themselves understood it, correctly, to be no more than a naked attempt to continue Israeli occupation in Palestine by official means. And above all, to do it over the heads of the national liberation movement of the Palestinian people that represents their aspirations and officially speaks on their behalf.

And so it is in Zimbabwe. There, as in Palestine, a "settlement" was found

whereby the settlers will continue to rule the country and have all the power as usual — all done under the guise of an equitable settlement.

Already, however, the so-called government of Muzorewa is showing signs of tremendous strain. Few governments have recognized it. The struggle by the freedom fighters of the Patriotic Front, Zapu and Zanu, continues. As does the struggle by other freedom fighters, where there is oppression, around the Third World.

Yasser Arafat on Lebanon, Dialogue With Us and Occupation

The following are excerpts from an interview conducted by The Middle East with Yasser Arafat, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Liberation Organization, July 1979.

Q— Let us start with the most recent developments Palestinian withdrawal from South Lebanese villages and towns. Does that, in real terms, mean no more attacks on Israel from the South? What pressures, if any, were exercised on you to prompt this withdrawal?

A— Israeli aggression was fiercely concentrated — by land, sea and air — on the Lebanese villages and Palestinian camps, on Palestinian and Lebanese civilians. Each time the enemy attacked on the pretext that they were bombarding Palestinian bases. So at the joint meeting of the Palestinian resistance and the Lebanese National Movement we took a joint decision to evacuate those areas completely.

We decided to end the military presence even though we had no military bases anywhere there. All we had were some supply centers, medical units and information bureaux, but we decided to remove even those so that the enemy would have no pretext for the continuing attacks. Yet unfortunately, in spite of the strict application of the decision, the Israeli attacks continued.

This confirms what we have always said, that aggression on Lebanese towns and villages and Palestinian camps is actually a consistent Israeli policy and one of the consequences of the Carter-Begin-Sadat treaty. If we go back to the Camp David accords, the details of the agreement, especially Article 6 (regarding Egypt's commitments under the Joint Arab Defence Pact) the conspiracy against Lebanon becomes crystal clear.

Lebanon was excluded, and the terrorist Begin was given the green light by Carter and Sadat to execute his barbaric and aggressive military policy, using the most recent weapons, including those internationally prohibited, like fragmentation shells, cluster bombs and napalm.

* * *

Q— Do you think you can resist a massive Israeli assault on South Lebanon, without help from other Arab countries?

A— As the Arabic proverb goes: "Bless those who know the limits of their strength." If you recall, we faced a similar situation in early 1978, when Israel massed troops on the Lebanese border. I discovered those troop concentrations and exposed them. On 13 March 1978, the Israeli Knesset voted by an overwhelming majority of 115 out of 120 to annihilate the PLO, its leadership and its forces as well as all representatives of the Palestinian people. On the strength of the vote, Israel thrust one-third of its armed forces into Lebanon.

But what they thought would be a picnic, turned out later to be a catastrophe, as their own chief of staff, Mordecai Gur, admitted. This was further confirmed by a report submitted to the Knesset last month. In that report they admitted for the first time their enormous losses in human lives and equipment. The report also exposed their military mistakes and moral crimes against civilians.

Q— Do you feel that the problem in South Lebanon could still lead to a major conflagration in the area, drawing in Syrian and Iraqi forces?

A— That is exactly what Israel is planning, with the blessing and approval of the United States in order to liquidate the Palestinian revolution and draw in Syria and other Arab countries by what is known militarily as a pre-emptive strike. I have already discussed this several times with Syrian President Hafez Assad. He is fully aware of that.

* * *

Q— Let's turn now to the talks on autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza. Do you have any conditions for participating in these talks, such as US and Israeli recognition of the PLO?

A— We regard what happened as a conspiracy. It never occurred to us to allow ourselves to be drawn into this swamp or take part in this plot against our Palestinian people.

What is being proposed is a new form of slavery. Is there any village anywhere in the world where the inhabitants have no control on their water resources? But this is exactly what Begin is doing. What kind of autonomy is that, for example, which does not give control over our drinking water?

Moreover the continuing policy of building Jewish settlements provokes no more than a mild US condemnation at a

time when US military, political, and economic assistance continues to flow into Israel. Can Israel, which relies so heavily on the US, say no to Washington?

* * *

Q— What would you do in practical terms if Egypt and Israel reach some kind of accord on the West Bank and try to impose it by force?

A— No one can impose anything on any people. Hitler could not impose his will on Europe nor was Japan able to change the situation in the Pacific after Pearl Harbour.

Carter, Begin and their agent Sadat can impose, by force, some policies here and there in the occupied territories, because after all they are under occupation. But they will never be able to make our people accept them.

Q— But you are on record as saying you are prepared to start a dialogue with the United States. On what conditions would you do that?

A— Yes, I am ready and I could send them Abu-Lutf (Farouq Qaddoumi, chief of the PLO's Political Department). But we do that only on certain conditions: recognition of Palestinian rights; and acceptance of Resolution 3235 which recognises the right of repatriation, self-determination and independent statehood.

We are not after dialogue for dialogue's sake. Dialogue must have a political aim and must produce a political result, which as far as we are concerned, is spelled out in Resolution 3236.

* * *

Q— Would you accept UN Resolution 242 if it were revised to suit your demands?

A— We have our own Resolution 3236. It is a United Nations resolution and we insist on it. It recognises the PLO as the sole and legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. We are recognised by 105 countries, more than the number of countries that recognise Israel. There are 74 non-aligned states, three quarters of which do not recognise Israel. All the East bloc countries with the exception of Rumania have severed relations with Israel. And all the Islamic countries with the exception of Turkey. All the Arab countries with the exception of Egypt. And the majority of African countries. And in Europe, countries like Spain and Greece, recognise the PLO.

American Released From Israeli Jail



Terry Fleener and Samir Esmail

Statement by Terry Fleener made at a press conference at the National Press Club, July 10, 1979.

My name is Terre Fleener. I spent 20 months of a 5-year sentence in an Israeli prison on charges of espionage. Having been arrested on the principle of guilt by association, a series of four confessions (two in English and two in Hebrew) were extracted from me under extreme duress and by false pretenses. These confessions constituted the sole evidence, as admissible under Israeli law, in the secret trial which sentenced me and thereby legitimized the confessions and the means by which they were obtained. I was innocent of the charges brought against me.

Following my arrest on October 25, 1977, I was under investigation for two months by the Shin Bet, the Israeli Secret Police. Approximately one month of this time was spent in solitary confinement and another month locked in a cell which I was not allowed to leave except for interrogations which continued at varying intensity throughout the two-month period. The first three days, until I agreed to sign the first two confessions, I was held incommunicado, harangued continually, deprived of sleep and promised immediate release in exchange for information about my friends and a signed confession which I was assured by my interrogators could never be used in court. I was never apprised of my rights under Israeli law and was told specifically that I had no right to remain silent. Interrogation tactics centered around an attempt to instill a feeling of isolation and vulnera-

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Palestinian Woman Activist Visits U.S.



Um-Jihad in Washington, D.C.

Press release issued by Um Jihad, member of the Palestine National Council, while she was on a short visit in the United States to meet with members of the Palestinian-American community. The press release was issued July 30, 1979.

Last Sunday, July 22, American-made Israeli planes bombarded the Lebanese coastal area killing between 12 and 18 people and wounding up to 70 people. This is according to a statement released by the U.S. Department of State. Among the killed and wounded, the State Department statement went on, were many civilians, including many children, old men, and women. The Israeli air attack was a continuation of their campaign, which began more than three months ago, of almost daily aggression against Lebanese and Palestinian civilians.

The statement released by the State Department condemned the Israeli attack for the loss of civilian lives and went on to say that "these attacks must be stopped". On Tuesday, the 23rd, Israel sent its troops inside Lebanon to blow up houses, kidnap people, and shell Lebanese villages with artillery, and dispatched its American-made fighters flying over Lebanese cities breaking the sound barrier. Again the State Department called on Israel and all parties to "stop the cycle of violence". It is clear to us that the U.S. can do more to stop this Israeli terror than issuing statements. Israeli terror which is backed by the best of America's means of destruction and weaponry is what our people in the South receive on almost a daily basis, from the American administration.

Our people in the South, on the occupied land and everywhere are determined to

continue their struggle for human dignity, freedom and National Independence. The Israeli terror will not deter us from our goals. We therefore call upon the American people to add their voice to the rest of the world public opinion in demanding that the U.S. Government use its influence with Israel to stop these attacks on our civilians. We also call upon the American people to support our struggle for the achievement of real peace which is based on the right of the Palestinian people to self determination, peace and justice.

United Nations Condemns Continued Occupation

Introduction to the lengthy report by the United Nations Special Committee, submitted to Secretary General of the U.N., Kurt Waldheim, on Israeli practices in the occupied territories against Palestinians, October 17, 1977.

... The Special Committee regrets to have to report to you that violations of the Geneva Convention relative to the Protection of Civilian Persons in Time of War, of 12 August 1949, have continued throughout 1977 and that the day-to-day situation in these territories continues to be tense, marked with constant occurrences of incidents, often leading to injury and loss of life. These incidents are the direct result of the military occupation under which the civilian inhabitants have been finding themselves for nearly 11 years. Their plight is the focus of the Special Committee's attention; these civilians are not only going through the longest military occupation of this century, but they are also being deprived of the protection afforded them by the aforementioned Convention, which applies to the territories occupied as a result of the hostilities of June 1967.

Joint Communiqué by Arafat-Kreisky-Brandt



Arafat, Kreisky and Brandt

Excerpts from joint communiqué by Yasser Arafat, Bruno Kreisky and Willy Brandt, following their talks July 6-8, 1979.

"The President of the Socialist International and of the West German
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A Visit w/the People . . .

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is a high level of talent and of intellectual dynamism coupled with vigorous commitment and remarkable versatility. Just one example will suffice. Among the many talented people who penetrated both my heart and mind is a young unassuming man. He holds a degree in sociology from a prestigious French university. He does sociological research and analysis, with care and with a high level of professionalism. At the same time he writes fiction and literary criticism. He does what he does well and with care. He even knows how to smoke a waterpipe with elegance and with finesse. He melts easily into a crowd. During the Civil War in Lebanon, he, a Lebanese Christian, carried a gun and fought for what he believes is right, for the poor and the oppressed. He is the "organic intellectual" that Antonio Gramsci told us about, from his people and for his people. In one of his books, he talks about his people, "short, semi-barefooted men, wearing rubber shoes that do not protect them from the cold," men and women whose "eyes give birth to the sea."

In the South of Lebanon, these "short, semi-barefooted men" stand tall in the face of giant American-made airplanes with Israeli pilots, spewing America-made cluster bombs. They alone carry the brunt of Israeli aggression, daily shedding their blood for Palestine, for Lebanon, for the Arab World, and even for Nicaragua. I also remember seeing "short, semi-barefooted men", probably the same, whenever I watched the news on television about the war in Vietnam.

Here in the U.S. the Palestinian is faceless; he is labeled, stereotyped, dehumanized. The Arab is equally faceless, distorted, turned into a ghoul who holds his oil with greed and places a sharp knife on the neck of the West. In Lebanon, the Palestinian and the Arab are human beings. They eat, drink, make love, procreate and die. Do they differ from other human beings anywhere in the world? They have a fierce determination to live freely and with dignity.

There is a deep sense of frustration about the Arab World among the Palestinians. There is also a deep conviction which springs from first-hand knowledge that they, in this fortress, constitute the only uncontrolled group in the Arab World. This puts them in a very awkward situation. It indicates, at once, the political failure of the Arab World to control them and to do away once and for all with the Palestine cause, and at the same time it sends a signal to all those who suffer under Arab governmental repression, that the Palestinian Revolution is their revolution and their only beacon of hope. Perhaps that is why, as we sat around discussing U.S. foreign policy, a young Iraqi

journalist who works for *Filastin Al-Thawra*, is assassinated on the street. Beginning with Sadat's disengagement, an effort has been made to isolate the Palestinian Revolution from its natural support among the Arab masses.

To no avail. The persistence of this Revolution, its ability to stand strong, the unequivocal support it enjoys among all Palestinians have thwarted all attempts at its liquidation. It continues to gather both regional and international support; and it continues to project the versatility, resilience, and toughness of a people seasoned by struggle and adept at survival.

Sudden Death . . .

(Continued from page 3)

photograph her death, a record of a Sunday in South Lebanon.

A shout goes up and the Israeli planes have been seen again. They can be heard overhead as we take shelter in the orange groves, helpless human beings at the mercy of American sophisticated machinery and a merciless Israeli strategy that sees human life in Lebanon as a target. But this time, the planes pass. Later, we learn that, in addition to Sarafand, Damour, Khairzaran, Adloun and haret al-Naameh have also been hit. Official estimates are 20 dead and 65 wounded. All but three are civilians.

The Israeli press is already calling Sarafand and the other towns "terrorist concentrations." The Gharib family, Lebanese peasants, have been transformed into Palestinian commandos. But Sarafand, a small village about a quarter-mile off the main road, has no military installations, and the young boy, whose life was ended so horribly, carried no gun. Certainly, there was no anti-aircraft to protect the people in Sarafand.

Travelling back to Damour later that night with a UPI reporter, we noted that in the three months of almost daily Israeli shelling or bombing of South Lebanon, not one photo has appeared in the American press, not one television report from the scene. Reports are condensed, impersonal and appear as a small paragraph that does not convey the human misery and the scope of the destruction. He is defensive; he and his cameraman have sent daily reports, including television clips, from the South. None have appeared except as brief news.

Today, many towns and Palestinian camps in South Lebanon are almost deserted. Rashidiyeh and Bourjchemali, for example, camps near the port city of Tyre, are ghostly piles of rubble, with only a fraction of the population remaining. A Swedish doctor at the Rashidiyeh clinic, Dr. Anderson, reports that people suffer many infections from spending so many nights in air raid shelters. Nearby Lebanese villages, whose systems of shelters are inadequate,

suffer even more. Those who remain in South Lebanon are the peasants, who cannot afford to move to a safer location. Their life under the bombs is strikingly similar to that of peasants in Indochina during the American bombing; they endure but the price they pay is very high.

American Released . . .

(Continued from page 7)

bility and included threats of torture if I were not more cooperative, physical abuse in the form of yanking me from the chair by the arm, telling me that my family had been contacted and did not wish to have anything to do with me, urging me to take drugs and alcohol which the Shin Bet would provide to me, threats of injections of sodium pentothal, and repeated insults, and debasing abuse. At one point, later in the investigative period, after charges had been brought, I was told by the Shin Bet that they intended to fabricate evidence to present to the judges in a closed session of which I would have no knowledge and so would not be able to speak in my own defense. When I reported such treatment to the consul general, it was termed psychological torture. The Israeli regime depends on its lifeline of financial and military aid from the U.S. The continuation of this lifeline depends upon the goodwill of the American people. In order to secure this goodwill, Israel has presented the image of the victim, because America's continuing support ultimately stems from our ideals of justice and compassion. But now the oppressed have become the oppressors.

Egyptian Oppostion . . .

(Continued from page 4)

blames the rich Arabs, but it forgets that most of the Arab people are poor and that the rich represent only a small fraction of the population. The Egyptian people do not feel the effects of the boycott now, but its continuation will affect the Egyptian economy. The average Egyptian feels insecure because all the Arab states have opposed the treaty and he realizes that there is something wrong with the treaty because the Arab states opposed it.

Q—What about economic cooperation with Israel?

A—The Egyptian people do not approve of that, and they are unhappy about the presence of an Israeli ambassador in Cairo. They did not like Begin's visit to Egypt and they are watching developments cautiously.

Q—And the negotiations on self rule in the West Bank and Gaza?

A—Egypt has given up all her bargaining power and she cannot bargain any more. That is why Israel is doing what it wants in the West Bank and Gaza. The negotiations on this issue are deadlocked.

Hey Peter, Tell Anwar to Call Menachem Mister. A Satire

by Fawaz Turki

"During the talks he said to Begin: 'It's time we called each other by our first names.' A bit startled, Begin replied, '... I suggest I call you Mr. President.' Sadat, however, persisted: 'Really, Menachem,' he said, 'it won't work this way. You must call me Anwar,' " *Time Magazine*, July 23, 1979.

Menachem Begin gets off the plane in Alexandria for the summit talks with Anwar Sadat and walks in step with him.

"Call me Anwar," Sadat immediately says to the Zionist leader, putting his left arm around his waist. Struggling also to put his right arm around his shoulder but finding it logistically impossible, he instead hands it to one of Begin's aids to hold.

"Call me Mister," retorts Begin, flinching from Sadat's physical fawning.

"But Menachem, I will call you Mister only if my friend Jimmy tells me to."

Meanwhile, Butros Ghali, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, who is walking on the other side of Begin, can hold his peace no longer.

"Hey, what about me? What about me? Who is going to call me Pete?" When Begin glares at him, Ghali says timidly: "Pleeeeeeease!"

"Peter is a nice guy, really Menachem," Sadat intones.

"Call me Mister."

"Aren't you ever going to call me Anwar?"

"Oh, alright," Begin says, pouting the whole way to the VIP lounge at the airport. There they sit on wicker chairs.

"What shall we talk about in this summit . . . hey . . . Anwar?" Begin asks.

Sadat's face lights up at being called by his first name. "Oh thank you. Thank you so much Menachem. Thank you ever so much."

"Call me Mister."

Sadat now suggests that they have a snack. He snaps his fingers and about half a dozen officials fall all over themselves and each other to do their President's bidding. Sadat says to one of them, a man with a big paunch and a tripple chin: "I want to order two plates of *foolle* and two large Cokes to go. Easy on the olive oil and hold the parsley."

The official salutes stiffly and clicks his heels ten times and walks out of the room backwards, with an embecile, servile look on his face. The moment he is out of sight, he is transformed into a little tyrant. He

shouts orders at his subordinates and slaps two of them across the face when they query his orders.

Inside the room, Sadat is sitting stiffly in his chair, afraid to wrinkle the creases in his Pierre Cardin pants. He is waiting expectantly for Begin to speak.

Begin speaks. "Well, as I said," he demands "what shall we talk about in this summit?"

"How about hemorrhoids?" Sadat suggests hesitantly.

"You moron!"

"Really Menachem, a few months ago hemorrhoids were an editorial issue in our national press. We were very concerned about Jimmy. In fact, even one of our major poets wrote a long poem about how hemorrhoids were too painful a condition to afflict a nice man like Jimmy. It was a good poem. Hemorrhoids sure became an issue that preoccupied our national sensibility for a long time. Honestly Menachem."

"Call me Mister."

"Okay I will. From now on I'll do anything my friend Menachem tells me to do."

"Call me Mister."

"You're a difficult man to deal with, Menachem."

"Call me Mister."

"Hey listen, even I have limits to my patience. You are beginning to sound like a broken record, Menachem."

"Call me Mister."

Sadat is now desparate. "Well, why don't we have that question on the agenda of the summit? You and Butros Ghali could resolve it."

Ghali, who up till now has been unobtrusively sitting in the back of the room, jumps up, as if from nowhere, and calls out: "Call me Pete. Menachem, please call me Pete."

"Call me Mister," Begin repeats, "and if we are going to have the question of first names on the agenda, Israel insists on security guarantees that this would not extend to the West Bank. We can not negotiate first names when its comes to biblical Israel. We will not surrender one inch, one letter, of the integrity of our surnames either. Our surnames are not negotiable. The Israeli forces stand ready to defend the names of our women and children. And we shall prevent, and by force, the emergence of autonomy councils that may threaten the implementation of

any policies that may endanger the security of our semantic integrity. Furthermore, any negotiations over this question can not include the P.L.O."

Sadat is beside himself with desperation. He lights up a pipe. "To be sure. To be sure," he says, nodding his head with weariness and confusion. "I wish my friend Henry was here. I really miss my friend Henry."

When Begin glares, Sadat looks up at the ceiling in a reminiscent mood. "To be sure. To be sure. I miss Henry. All that hugging and kissing we did at Cairo airport back in '74. And let me say this. Let me say this. Henry did not mind my bowing and scraping either. Honest Menachem, he didn't."

"Call me Mister."

Before the food arrives, Sadat says: "Well, how about if we discuss autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza?"

"There will be no autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza, do you hear?" Begin shouts. "There will be no autonomy for these territories — just autonomy for the inhabitants. Do you understand that Mr. President?"

"Call me Anwar."

"And moreover, I may be from Poland, but we are talking about Eretz Israel. 2000 years ago some Jewish tribes lived there and that means the land belongs to us. Look at all the concessions I have made so far. Mrs. Dora Lutzvik and her husband Sam, who are from Miami Beach, have had to abandon their colony in Sinai. What more do you want? Ha? What more do you want?"

Sadat flinches as Begin's voice rises. "Just call me Anwar."

"What more do you want, you little shnook? Do you expect me to even ask all these fine men from Manhattan and upstate New York and Los Angeles to give up all the colonies they have built in the West Bank. What do you want from me, ha?"

"Just call me Anwar."

"I have made all the concessions I can make. Haven't I conceded that you can keep the pyramids — although the Jews built them, like they built the Taj Mahal and the China Wall which we have conceded to the Indians and the Chinese?"

"That's true Menachem."

"Call me Mister."

"Anything you say Menachem."

"Call me Mister."

Butros Ghali chimes in with great

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Hey Peter, Tell Anwar . . .

(Continued from page 9)

concern in his voice. "Hey, what about me? Who is going to call me Pete?"

He is totally ignored.

The food arrives in brown paper bags. Begin proceeds to open his. When he examines his Coke, he explodes with rage.

"I ordered sugar free Pepsi," Begin shouts with disgust.

Not to seem outdone and in order not to be embarrassed in the eyes of his Arab brothers outside Egypt, Sadat also explodes. "And I said hold the parsley on my foolle. I tell you, Menachem, it's a burden being a president."

"Yes Mr. President."

Finally they all hop in their limousines and head to Sadat's summer palace outside Alexandria. The streets are lined with crowds of poor workers trucked in for the occasion. Sadat and Begin are sitting in an air-conditioned car; but the airconditioning breaks down immediately after they start moving.

The crowds are shouting: "Nix-shon, Nix-shon, Nix-shon!"

Begin is astounded that the crowds, though made to order on his host's instructions, are calling out the former American President's name.

"Why Nixon," Begin shouts at Sadat, pulling violently at his sleeve. "This is not in the agreement we signed."

"Oh Menachem, you are so prissy. Why worry? What difference does it make. They think you're Nixon. Really Menachem."

"Call me Mister."

"Okay I will. Okay, okay."

"This is not in the Camp David Accords. I will not accept this. It is a threat to the security of Israel." Upon saying this, Begin sulks in his corner, in the back seat, and refuses to say anything or to respond to Sadat's entreaties.

Realizing that there is no way of budging him, Sadat tells his driver — who was wearing his striped pajamas — to tell Butros Ghali in the limousine ahead to do something about the crowds' Nix-shon slogan.

The driver addresses Sadat reverently: "How do I do it, Oh father of his people, lover of the masses, bringer of peace, exalted bringer of peace and . . ."

"Oh shut up, you nitwit. just use the car phone. What are car phones for?"

"I do not know, oh most honored Egyptian leader. . . ."

Sadat grabs the phone himself but discovers it is, like everything else in Egypt, out of order. He mumbles to himself: "No solution and no power except from Him, the Exalted, the Almighty." Since Sadat had uttered the Koranic phrase in English, Begin did not know that it was an expression that all Arabs (even Arabs like Sadat) use when they are exasperated.

So Begin jumps on him. "What is this about solution and power? Any solution must meet our security needs. And as far as power is concerned, we shall hit them anywhere we find them — especially in the south of Lebanon. We have been hitting them hard these last 12 years. With concussion bombs, nepalm, artillery shells, name it. And we hit them when they were in Palestine. But they won't go away. Imagine, Mr. President, these people had the nerve to call Palestine their country just because they lived there for 2000 years. So we hit them. I personally, Menachem Begin, Mister to you, leader of the Urgun Gang, hit them. Do you remember Deir Yasein, Mr. President?"

"Please call me Anwar."

"Shut up," Begin says irritably, in the manner of a man reminiscing over a delightful memory. His whole face is lit up with a sinister smile and he washes his hands with invisible soap. "Do you remember Deir Yassein, Mr. President? I remember the bodies of 254 Palestinian men, women and children that my Gangsters killed off. That was a great scene, Mr. President."

"Call me Anwar. Please! I beg of you, Menachem, call me Anwar. Now tell me, once and for all, are you going to call me Anwar or not?"

"I heard the Palestinians call you Nawar. Can I call you that?"

"Oh, no, Menachem, anything but that!"

"Why, what does it mean?"

"It means Arab trash."

"Maybe I will call you that then."

Sadat sulks. Then he says: "Really Menachem, I'm trying to please you. You said you wanted me to do something about the Nix-shon slogan. . . . I'm just trying to help, Menachem."

Before Begin could repeat his refrain, Butros Ghali waves to Sadat's driver to stop. He gets out of his car and speaks to Sadat. "What is it Anwar," Ghali asks, very concerned. "why did you want to stop the motorcade?"

"Call me Mr. President."

"What's the problem, Mr. President?"

Sadat tells him to have the crowds change its slogan. The motorcade moves on again. Before they arrive at Sadat's summer palace, they discover that the crowds had indeed changed their slogan. They are now shouting: "Core-tar, Core-tar, Core-tar." More than that, they are holding aloft large pictures of Henry Kissinger and Nehru and the prince of Monaco, as well as waving Malayan, Pakistani, Italian, Nepalese, Muratanian and Palestinian flags — leftovers from previous official visits.

Suddenly the motorcade comes to a complete halt. One of the Zionist security guards is causing a commotion. A man comes out waving his arms at everybody and shouting at Egyptian officials who are crowding around him.

"I am Eliahu ben Elizar," he shouts, jumping up and down like a madman. "I am Begin's top aid. I want to talk to my Egyptian diplomatic counterpart. There is a big problem here that has to be solved right here and now."

The Egyptian officials huddle together for over half an hour. They can not seem to decide who is Eliahu's counterpart. They try to use their walkie-talkies, but none of them works. They only get static about battles in the south of Lebanon. In the end they decide to send a runner on a horse to go all the way to the Egyptian Foreign Ministry in Cairo to work out the problem — where it is still pending today.

When Eliahu could take it no more, he goes up to Sadat's car to ask Sadat himself to resolve it. He pokes his head in the car window and addresses the Egyptian president.

"Mr. President, I want to bring to your attention a grave matter that concerns. . . ."

"Oh please feel free to call me Anwar. I don't believe we've met."

"I am Eliahu ben Elizar."

"In that case, I'll call you Eliahu."

Eliahu leans against the car window with one arm on his hip. "You can call me Eliahu or you can call me Shmahu. Or you can call me Ben or you can call me Elizar. Or you can call me Eliahu ben. Or you can call me. . . Hey, this is ridiculous. How about if you call Mister?"

"No way, Eliahu."

"Call me Mister. Call me Mr. Eliahu ben Elizar."

Finally, Sadat, as usual, concedes defeat. "Okay Mr. Eliahu ben Sharmouta. . . . I mean Eliahu ben Elizar, what's your problem?"

"I don't mind the crowds calling out Carter's name," Eliahu says. "I don't even mind them carrying Kissinger's picture and waving Malayan, Pakistani, Italian, Nepalese, Mauratanian flags . . . But there is this other flag. This unknown flag. It has to come down."

"What flag is it, Eliahu?"

"Call me Mister."

"You guys are just impossible. Why don't we all get on our way and go home to relax."

"Not till you promise to do something about that other unknown flag."

Sadat promises it will never happen again. They all, in the end, get home to Sadat's palace and sit in the backyard drinking mint juleps.

Sadat puts on his shorts and proceeds to walk his German shepherd around the lawn.

"What kind of dog is this?" asks Begin.

"It's a German shepherd."

"In that case it must take the blame for the holocaust, like all Germans."

"But Menachem, to be sure, to be sure. This is just a dog."

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Hey Peter, Tell Anwar

(Continued from page 10)

"But it's German, isn't it?"

"Yes it is."

"Has it paid reparations to Israel?"

"No," Sadat says, with great fear in his voice.

"Then it must be a Nazi dog. The whole world owns us a living, you see. Anyone who criticizes us is a Nazi. Anyone who criticizes Israel is an anti-Semite."

"Oh, I'll never criticize Israel. Not me. To be sure. To be sure."

Now just as he succeeds in pacifying Begin, Sadat is confronted by Eliahu who wants to know what the Egyptian president is going to do about those "unknown" flags.

Sadat calls Ghali over and tells him: "Hey Pete, I wanna talk to you privately." They huddle together.

"Hey dig this Pete," Sadat starts in a whisper.

"Call me Mr. Foreign Minister."

"Hey, shut the hell up!"

"What's the problem?" Ghali wants to know.

"This son of a bitch Eliahu, Shmahu or whatever the f... his name is — he wants us to confiscate all the Palestinian flags."

"No sweat."

"Well, what do we do?"

Ghali scratches his behind. "I said no sweat. We call Jimmy, and you just do what he tells you. If he says take the flags down, well just take them down. Doesn't Jimmy have 99 per cent of the cards?"

"Great idea!" Sadat claims. Before he goes to make the call, he turns around and frowns at Ghali for a long time. "Who the hell said you could call President Carter Jimmy?"

Ghali looks down the bridge of his nose and holds an imaginary hat in his hands.

"Go stand in the corner for half an hour," Sadat tells him.

"Oh, gee, Anwar. I haven't been that naughty."

"Yes you have."

"Okay Anwar."

"Call me Mister."

Sadat tries to put a call through to the White House, but none of the phones in Egypt work. In desperation he routs the call through Cyprus, Khatmandu, Bangkok, Beirut, Sydney, Honolulu, Bangladesh, Kalamazoo and Hicksville. Only the operator in Hicksville was able to help.

Mr. Carter is finally on the line. "Hey Anwar baby. What do you know?"

"To be sure. To be sure," he says breathlessly.

"I want you to know that I am committed to having the Palestinians participate in the determination of their future," Carter says.

"Thanks, Jimmy, you're a sweetheart. To be sure. To be sure. How are things going for you?"

"Oh, I'm not grooving much on Bob Dylan anymore, like I used to."

"Jimmy, don't worry, Bab el Mandab will be safe from terrorists. Thanks to all the arms you sent me, now my sons will protect it for you."

"I'm not talking about Bab el Mandab, you nit. I am talking about Bob Dylan, the singer that I told everybody that I liked when I was campaigning for election."

"To be sure. To be sure."

"And I'm having a heck of a time dealing with Zionist pressure groups here. That's why I said a few months ago that I would commit political suicide than harm Israel."

"To be sure. To be sure."

"Boy, I tell you. What with Iran and Nicaragua and the Baghdad Summit, not to mention the energy crisis and the crisis of confidence, the credibility gap and the rich-poor gap — I mean my hemorrhoids are playing up again. And that Billy Graham. He's been preaching for years and hasn't left a dent."

"To be sure. To be sure."

"Shut up, creep. Stop that 'to be sure' litany."

A short silence. And then Sadat speaks up, ever so softly. "Jimmy."

"What is it now," Mr. Carter says with impatience.

"Remember you promised."

"What? What?" Carter says with more impatience.

"You promised I'd fill the mantle of our dear friend the Shah. You know . . . that I'll become the policeman of the area."

"You dumb nitwit!" Carter shouts. "Get off the line."

"Yes Jimmy."

"Call me Mr. President."

"I'll do anything you tell me to do."

"Okay, go entertain your friend Menachem."

Mr. Carter hangs up. Sadat is still on the line. He is shouting into the receiver: "Hey Jimmy. Jimmy. Jimmy. I forgot to ask you to do me one more favor. Hey Jimmy. Jimmy. Jimmmmmmy!"

He sits down on the floor hugging his knees, sobbing uncontrollably.

Ghali walks in. "What is it? What is it?"

"I forgot to tell Jimmy," he says in between sobs, to give Henry hugs and kisses for me."

"What about the flags?"

"Oh, that. Confiscate them. Confiscate them, Pete."

"Call me Mr. Foreign Minister."

"F . . . off," Sadat retorts.

In the morning, Sadat and Begin, along with their aids, have their first sessions of talks — Palestinian autonomy on the West Bank/Gaza.

Sadat speaks first. "Gentlemen, let's begin our discussion by talking about the Palestinians."

All the members of the Israeli delegation object. They shout in unison: "There are no Palestinians. They don't exist."

Sadat — again not wanting to seem a traitor in the eyes of his Arab brothers — says: "Ha de ha ha!"

"Shut up," someone tells him.

"Who said that?" Sadat demands.

"I did," Begin tells him defiantly.

"Oh Menachem, really now."

"Call me Mister."

"But they do exist. Really. Maybe it's your glasses. I notice you've got very thick glasses on. Besides, who are the people living in that part of Palestine called the West Bank or Gaza?"

"They are not Palestinians. They are autonomists."

"Hey, that's neat Menachem," Sadat says. "Now who are the people who left Palestine in 1948 and are now living in exile."

Begin glares at him. Sadat reacts to the glare by adding: "Oh please don't misunderstand me. I'm just trying to learn from you. So who are they?"

"They are terrorists."

"Hey that's neat too. I like that Menachem. I really do. You are a real sweetheart for simplifying it all for me. Why hadn't I seen it like that before? I like you Menachem. To be sure. To be sure."

"Call me Mister."

"Okay," Sadat says. "So that concludes our sessions in this summit on the future of the autonomists and the terrorists. Now let's have some fun. To be sure. To be sure. How about a drive downtown?"

Again they all hop in limousines and head to a synagogue in downtown Alexandria, with the press corps close on their heels.

Eliahu ben Elizar is sitting in the car with Sadat and Begin.

"Good morning Eliahu," Sadat says ingratiatingly, with the usual servile, obsequious look on his face that he is now famous for. "Did you sleep well?"

"No, I couldn't sleep. Those flags. Those unknown flags made me restless all night. Those flags are going to haunt us for the rest of our lives. We shall hit them everywhere we find them. We shall have secure, recognized borders. We shall not negotiate with them. We shall never surrender an inch of south Lebanon or Northern Thailand. And Tibet is not negotiable."

"Eliahu, you're not being coherent," Sadat says.

"Call me Mister."

Sadat mumbles under his breath. "Ya maloon el Waldein. You won't give up, will you?"

Before they arrive at the synagogue, crowds were six deep and shouting: "Begin, Begin, Begin."

Sadat was pleased with himself. Smart crowd. No Nix-shon, no Core-tar, no

(Continued on page 12)

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- Palestine Information Office, *The PLO:*
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Documents and Statements, 1979 . \$1.00
 National Lawyers Guild 1977 Middle East
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Gaza \$4.50
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 Free Palestine, *Tal al Zaatar; The Fight*
Against Fascism \$4.00

Joint Communiqué . . .

(Continued from page 7)

Socialist Party, Willy Brandt, The Chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization Executive Committee, Yasser Arafat, and the President of the Austrian Socialist Party, Bruno Kreisky, held detailed talks between July 6 and 8 in Vienna, regarding the situation in the Middle East. They discussed in detail the past, present and future of the Middle East conflict, and reached agreement on several important points.

Chairman Arafat explained in detail the development of the Palestinian National institutions, which made the PLO prominent as a symbol and tool of Palestinian nationalism, and led to its recognition as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people by the Rabat Summit Conference, the Non-Aligned States and the United Nations.

Hey Peter, Tell Anwar. . .

(Continued from p. 11)

Palestinian flags. Everything is sweet. To be sure. To be sure. Then Begin did a very unexpected thing. He jumped out of his car and rushed towards the crowd. The press reported him, the following day, as going in the midst of the crowd to shake hands. However, reliable Egyptian and foreign sources report a different story. It would appear that Begin was piqued at the crowd calling him Begin. He rushed over to them, not to shake hands, as press agencies claimed, but to tell them not to call him Begin. "Call me Mister, call me Mister," he kept repeating. And he was not shaking hands. He was in fact opening palms to see if they had "unknown flags concealed there."

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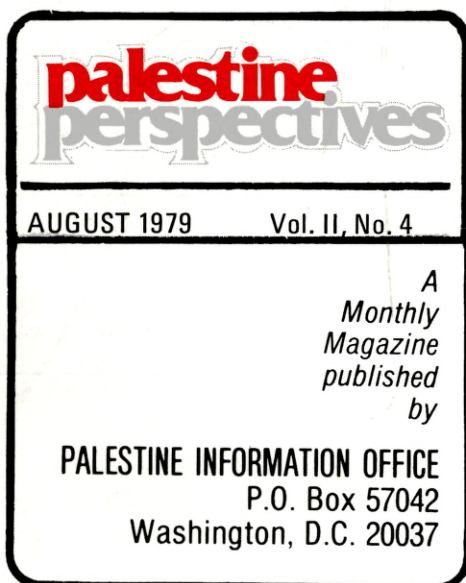
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